

PRISON REFORM.

Life in the Penitentiary and Return of Warden Dyer.

UPPER AND NETHER MILL STONES

Grind Me Exceedingly Fine and Reduce My Weight.—Why Dyer Changed His Humane Intentions.—The Decision of the Supreme Court Confirming the Trial Judge.—Why Judge Marshall Williams Changed His Mind.—How Pugh Won the Final (As He Supposed) Trick For My Life and Liberty.

PART II.

TWENTY-SIXTH PAPER.

While lying on my prison pallet fighting off the burnings, maddening thoughts which come to a man who had fought in the open and been trapped in the thicket by his enemies, and trying to woe oblivion in sleep, I heard my cell door unlocked, and sitting up in the cot to ascertain the cause, as I knew it was long after the hour of "locking up," which was 9 p. m., when all lights had to be put out and the convicts in bed. An unbroken silence was then the order, but not the practice, as convicts in adjoining cells talked to each other after the guards made their rounds. When my cell was unlocked, therefore, I was naturally curious as to the cause. The guard simply said, "Arise and come with me," the doctor desires to see you at the hospital."

I obeyed the summons, marvelling much as to the doctor's business with me. On arriving at the hospital I was soon set at ease by the warm greeting of the assistant prison physician, Dr. Ward, whom I had forgotten, or the fact, rather, that he was night physician at the penitentiary. I remained in his private room and enjoyed his hospitality until after 2 o'clock a. m. I was then returned through the silent corridors of the prison to my cell. The doctor feared I would collapse and had sent for me to examine my condition and brace me up without the knowledge of either the officials or the watching newspaper reporters. He did all in his power and felt satisfied that I would pull through the coming day when he bade me good night or rather morning at the hour named.

I tried after returning to the cell to catch a few hours sleep as I knew the prison bell rang at 5:30 a. m., but I could not close an eyelid. Staring blankly at the arched cell overhead and laid out full length on the pallet I longed for the rising hour and relief from my own thoughts which were momentarily becoming more confused and disconnected; not, however, through drowsiness or inclination to sleep, but from the mental strain which had now reached the breaking point and was overcoming the "terrible will power" my enemies so often referred to during the trial. Nature refused longer to sustain me and was bound to vindicate itself in the usual way where its rules or mandates are violated. Nevertheless when the bell rang I aroused myself to a standing posture and awaited the unlocking of the cell door, determined to go on until I actually felt insensible. Falling in by companies, each prisoner carrying his cell bucket with his disengaged hand, the other doing its usual service of resting on the shoulder of the man in front of him, we marched out the main doorway and debouched on the campus or prison yard, across which we tramped in long lines to the receptacle where the buckets were emptied and from there to the bathroom where we washed our faces and hands. We then filed into the large dining-room and were served with a single slice of bread and a cup of coffee, minus sugar and milk, and so utterly unlike anything in the line of coffee I had ever tasted that a single swallow came near finishing the business for me. Arising from the table at the tap of the bell, we marched to our different shops and commenced the day's labor at exactly 6 o'clock a. m.

Thus on a single slice of bread and half a pint of "fluid," called coffee, molders, iron workers, rake makers, and others working on the hardest contracts were made to labor until the noon hour. Six hours on a stretch with only a slice of bread in one's stomach, molding, etc., may be a sure method to break down the strongest physique but it is certainly a poor way to reform the criminal. And to add to this blind and inhuman treatment the state in its dense stupidity did all this for the benefit of the contractors of prison labor, many of whom I was on terms of intimacy with and noted their ever increasing wealth created not only out of the sweat and toil of these unfortunate wretches but out of their very lives. For hundreds felt by the wayside, broken down in health and either died in the prison hospital or crawled outside the gates, mere wrecks of their former selves, to die at home if they had any, or in some charity hospital, or poor-house if friendless and homeless. I had written in my paper some scathing articles on this system and the contractors had not forgotten the fact. Now I was to personally experience the full horrors of the murderous toil exacted by the state for the benefit of the calloused and soulless contractors and the system which I had so unqualifiedly condemned.

Reaching the shop to which I was assigned I began the labor of the day and for some time mechanically went through the motions which had been taught me the previous afternoon. The guard who had been watching me intently suddenly left his stand and walked towards me. When he started there was perhaps thirty feet between us and in the interval of time it took him to walk that distance I distinctly saw his figure multiply until not less than a dozen duplicates of him addressed me and held out their arms like the tentacles of a devil fish. I felt myself seized and endeavored to wriggle out of the grasp in which I was held, and then blessed oblivion overtook me. At last my flag was struck, as I felt unconscious in the arms of the guard and the negro, whom he had called to his assistance.

When consciousness returned I was lying in a cot in the hospital and an attendant under the instructions of Dr. Ward was fanning and chafing my face and chest. I almost instantly realized that the threatened collapse had come and I remember dreamily speculating as to its probable fatality and the consequent disappointment of my enemies at the short duration of the tortures they had designed. In a short while I was collected enough mentally to

diagnose my physical condition and that from this very fact of being able to do so I was in no immediate danger. So I lay still, quiet and restful in mind, but suffering the most undesirable weakness of limb and muscle.

I looked intelligently at the doctor and he sympathetically whispered: "You will come out all right—they nearly did you up, the brutes, but you will bury the bunch of 'em yet," and then he smiled encouragingly. I closed my eyes and slept until the doctor had me awakened to see my wife, about 5 p. m. The afternoon papers came out with scare headlines on my collapse, and stated I was "lying unconscious and was between life and death, in a comatose state at the prison hospital."

Hence my wife's call, as she was naturally alarmed by the purposeful exaggeration of the papers. In a day or two, with the kind treatment of Dr. Ward, I recovered sufficiently to be able to sit up, the discovery of which by the Columbus newspapers, started them on a new tack; whereas before they had reported me as hanging between life and death, they now came out in scare headlines, as usual, with the charge that I was playing "possum" in order to enjoy the luxuries of the hospital and escape the penalties of my just sentence. They demanded of the prison physician that I be discharged from the hospital forthwith and returned to duty on the contract.

While lying in the hospital on the third night, unable to sleep, I saw some of the attendants making a wide space at the head of the ward by placing the cots closer together and marvelled much what the object of it all was. Presently some convict musicians came up to the hospital under guard, with their instruments, and out from the surgery room came Miss Dyer, the warden's daughter, a lady friend from Toledo, and one or two other lady acquaintances of the warden's daughter. Dr. Ward was off duty this evening and his substitute physician, with a few outside acquaintances, led the ladies forth to a quadrille! The musicians struck up and away went the merry party, skipping, hopping and waltzing around the cleared space. My cot was nearest at the end to the dancers, and right opposite me, on the other side of the ward, was a prisoner called "Bill Nye," whom the doctor that afternoon pronounced dying and whom he had said would not live until morning.

As Miss Dyer and her male partner swept past my cot I heard "Bill Nye" groan, and she also having heard it turned round in her waltz and in a loud tone hissed rather than spoke: "Oh, shut up and die!" The unfortunate prisoner, unable to move and without an attendant, lay there a little while longer groaning. He suddenly ceased, and when the night attendant came along fifteen minutes afterwards he discovered the man dead. This horrible experience in the hospital reconciled me to leaving it and its "luxuries" the next morning, when the head physician, in response to the public clamor, informed me that I was well enough to resume my duties in the snath shop.

Weak and tottering, I braced up sufficiently to reach the shop and attempted to perform the task assigned me, but the guard noticing my condition suggested that I should go the hospital and secure a permit from the physician to remain in the idle house a few days to build up my strength. To this I demurred, and asked his permission to remain where I was, inasmuch as a residence of three days in the idle house, with all its horrible silence and stillness would be sure to finish me or send me to the "bug-house," the prisoners' name for the insane asylum. Ultimately by the willingness I exhibited to work and my strict compliance with the rules, I softened the guard sufficiently to have him take interest enough and compel the negro boss to do his share of our joint task and be less domineering toward his assistant. From this time on the guard would occasionally condescend to talk with me, until he finally became so sociable that he confidentially informed me of the cause of his prejudices toward myself. These were founded upon his belief from reading and hearing the character I received from my enemies that I was but little removed from a gorilla, and never having had the pleasure, as he expressed it, of my acquaintance, he now confessed his erroneous impression and hoped we would get along amicably.

Meanwhile the days and weeks rolled on and my able counsel, General Thomas E. Powell, was still enjoying the ocean breezes of Atlantic City. I could not help contrasting the difference in the recreation we were each enjoying after the long and weary siege we had been through during the hot summer in the Franklin County Court House, where day after day for three months we jointly attended—as the champion, counsel and defender—and I as the accused—sometimes irritable, but generally submissive client. Finally in the latter part of September the General returned and paid me a visit at the prison. He informed me that the Supreme Court would meet about the middle of October and that he would then file his petition in error if given permission to do so by the court on his application. He also stated that the result of this permission to file a writ of error would have the effect of suspending my sentence and that the warden could no longer keep me at hard labor.

The General seemed to be astounded that Ben Dyer, our mutual friend, had done nothing for me, but on the contrary, had permitted me to remain on the dirtiest work that could be found on any of the contracts. I related to him an interview I had with Dyer on his return to the prison from Richmond, Virginia, a week after my imprisonment in the penitentiary. It was shortly after midnight when Mr. Dyer came to my cell, and awakening me, said:

"I am so sorry, Bill, to see you here. If there is anything in my power that I can do to alleviate your suffering, you can rest assured it will be done. To-morrow I intend to assign you to the secretary's office, where you can dress in citizens' clothes, have light clerical work, good food, and clean, comfortable bed. Your wife and children shall visit you at any time, and you can see them in my private office. I remember with gratitude what you did for me, and now that it has come my way, I will reciprocate, no matter what your enemies say or do."

I thanked him gratefully, of course, and felt that my greatest physical troubles were at an end. As usual, I went out with my company in the morning and went through the same routine as has heretofore been described, but all during the forenoon I kept glancing at the clock over the guard's desk, expecting every moment a messenger or runner would come and call for me by the warden's orders. But the noon hour arrived and no messenger. So perforce I joined the company in the march to the dining room. On my return to the shop I explained to the guard what the warden had said and that he must have forgotten, or been too busy in the front office, and asked his advice as to whether I should go to the guard room and see him. The guard immediately gave me a pass with the advice to

see Mr. Dyer right off. When I arrived in the guard room Mr. Dyer came out in response to the information conveyed to him by the captain of the guard room that "Elliott desired to see him." As the warden approached I noticed a change in his demeanor before he had opened his mouth. I began, "Ben, I called thinking that you had forgotten or was too busy—" Here he cut me off, and thrust out:

"No, if you think that I don't run this prison, you will find out before I am through with you. I will now see whether these friends of yours or myself runs this prison. Go back to your work and stay there. I won't hear a word."

Utterly astounded and unable to guess the cause of this sudden change I returned to the shop and informed the guard. By this time the guard had taken quite an interest in my affairs, and from being an enemy I had converted him into a sincere friend. He secured a sub-guard, and being on intimate terms with the warden, went out to see that I did not and ascertain the cause of his change of sentiment towards me.

When the guard, Mr. Wetherill by name, returned he opened my eyes to something that I could not previously understand, which was to this effect: There were two factions in the penitentiary, one under the Warden Dyer, and the other led by a sub-official named O'Dowd from Hamilton, the Governor's own town. It appears O'Dowd tried to have the warden removed and secure the position himself. Some of the members of the board of managers were in favor of O'Dowd, and the fact that Ben Dyer, the warden, had allowed a note of the Governor for a thousand dollars which he (Dyer) had indorsed, to go to protest, the wing led by O'Dowd was sure of victory. Now, it appears, that while Dyer was absent he had spies in the prison to watch the "gang," as he called the element led by O'Dowd, and unfortunately for me it happened that all of the members of this so-called gang were personally friendly and wanted to have me removed from the contract, but Deputy Porter resisted until the return of Dyer. Meantime O'Dowd, or one of his followers, would take occasion to come to my cell, or to the shop, and talk to me, and measure me of their interest and desire to help me. On Dyer's return he was informed of all this and in his ignorant and bull-dozing way immediately jumped to the conclusion that I was trying to throw the interest of my friends on the side of O'Dowd to secure him the wardenship. No amount of explanation of my friends and others who interested themselves in my behalf could convince Dyer to the contrary or secure from him the least privilege, such as was granted to the vilest prisoner in the prison, for myself. When, therefore, General Powell returned from Atlantic City and in my behalf and against my protest saw Dyer, he repeated his grievance against me. He swore with the profanity for which he was noted, that as long as he was warden I should work on a contract and be given no sort of privilege.

Meantime, the day arrived to file the petition in the Supreme Court, and General Powell acquainted me with the fact that he was promised a decision within a week after the papers were filed as to whether he would be allowed leave to file a petition in error. This braced me up, and having lost all my surplus flesh, being reduced from 200 pounds, my weight when I entered the prison, to 165 pounds at this time, I was becoming habituated to the routine and daily task to which I was assigned.

The scene with Warden Dyer, when the Supreme Court granted permission to file the petition in error, was compensation to me for what he had made me suffer. My counsel informed me that in the granting of the leave suspended my sentence, and I secured the section of the statute governing the same, and writing the following note I inclosed it in an envelope and addressed it to Benjamin F. Dyer, Warden O. P. It ran thus:

"DEAR SIR: I respectfully inclose the section of the revised statutes which governs the granting of applications for filing petitions of error in the Supreme Court, and which you will see, upon personal, suspends my sentence, I, therefore, notify you that if you compel me to work at hard labor under the sentence inflicted by the trial judge, and which is now suspended, I will sue your bondsmen for damages through my attorneys and I am instructed by them to so inform you. Respectfully,"

In response to this letter he came in a towering rage to my cell. He stood outside and shook his fist at me through the bars. He informed me that he was the warden of the penitentiary, and that he didn't care a— for the Supreme Court, my attorneys, myself or anybody else. That I was a convict and he would not let me out of his hands until I was sentenced for life, and by God so long as he was warden he would see that the sentence was carried out to the letter. I retorted "I will stand by the substance of that letter, Mr. Warden, and if I am put to work in the morning on the contract, I guarantee that by the noon hour you will be served with papers in a suit for damages, and that the Supreme Court will also mandamus you to suspend my labor as a convict. I am no longer a convict. My sentence is now suspended, and I am waiting the action of the Supreme Court as to whether they will reverse the judgment passed upon me. Your authority, therefore, is automatic and unlimited in here, cannot reach my friends who are at liberty, and they will hold you responsible, legally and otherwise, for your inhuman and brutal treatment of the man who took you from a dirty old livery stable where you were barely existing and made you warden of this prison."

I purposely raised my voice so that the convicts in the adjoining cells should hear me, in fact, I out-shouted the bulldozing and screaming warden, so that I fairly beat him at his own game and he retired discomfited, vowing all kinds of threats, amidst the whistling, cat-calls, and other vocal exhibitions of derision indulged in by the prisoners, whose sympathies naturally I possessed as against the official, and especially the head official of the prison.

Evidently Warden Dyer consulted his friend, Jimmy Campbell, the governor, and his private secretary, Claude Meeker, during the evening, for the next morning as the company was marching out, a runner came from the front office with the following pass: "Guards—2248, Elliott, has permission to go to and from the dining room at meal time, and to remain in the corridor of the new hall until lock-up hour 6 p. m."

"B. F. DYER, Warden."

Now, this pass not only relieved me from labor, but gave me the full liberty of the interior of the prison and to go and come to the dining room at meal times without having to march in the degrading lock-step between my two colored brethren, or sit with them at meals, a la Roosevelt. In the dining room there was a table designated as number 12, at which privileged prisoners who did not have to march in the company took their meals; I allowed this privileged class

and secured quite an improvement in the food, but the greatest improvement in my condition was the relief from the marching company and the rest from the disgusting and laborious job in the snath shop.

Time rolled on, the routine of a prison has such a sameness about it that after a few months the inmate is unable to tell with a certainty whether he has been inured years, weeks, days or months, and he loses all idea of time, has no continuity of thought and moves around like a piece of mechanism with an occasional outbreak of temper when he realizes, as he does occasionally, his hopeless and degraded condition. This condition is principally due to the fact that men give way to their misfortune and permit themselves to go with the current instead of standing up and breasting the stream of evil fortune and other ills which overtake them in prison.

But the day of days for me was almost at hand when the syllabus of the Supreme Court would either restore me to assured liberty by reversal of the trial judge's findings, confirm the farcical affair and consign me to this living hell for life. I remember the day, the hour and the man who first informed me that the Supreme Court, by a vote of three to two, had confirmed the lower court and sustained Judge Pugh's rulings.

The Columbus Press made quite a display over the Supreme Court's decision to permit the filing of a writ of error. The State Journal was particularly rabid and desired to be informed "Upon what grounds the Supreme Court acted?" It then went on to state: "Did not Elliott commit the murder? Did not hundreds of citizens see him commit the crime? His trial cost the taxpayers over \$20,000, and he had the ablest counsel at the Columbus bar to defend him. Why the court permitted the filing of this murderer's petition is a mystery to the lay citizen, as every fact was seen, proven and substantiated by hundreds of reputable citizens. It would be the grossest miscarriage of justice, and bring our courts into contempt if this cold-blooded murderer, taken red handed in the act, should be again permitted to occupy the time of the courts with a case that is so clearly established by testimony that even the murderer himself is astounded at saving his neck."

Judge David F. Pugh kept writing such editorials as the above sample during the weeks in which the Supreme Court had my case under advisement. He did more effective work than this, however. My readers will recall the mention I made of a lot adjoining Judge Marshall Williams' residence, which Pugh refused to sell him. Well, this lot passed into the hands of Judge Williams, and I noticed in the transfers of real estate published in the papers that he became the owner of it the very week that the Supreme Court handed down its decision denying me a new trial and affirming Pugh's rulings! I was, therefore, interested in ascertaining how the court decided on my case, when the decision was handed down in the latter part of December, and when the Press-Reporter, who had sought me out in the prison to acquaint me with the news and to watch and report my actions and words, unhesitatingly himself of his important information, the only comment he could report as having been "made by Elliott" was: "How did the court stand?"

Yet, if at the moment a knife were driven in my body I do not believe a drop of blood would follow its withdrawal so indescribably shocked, dazed and disappointed did I feel over the blighting of this my last hope. I had always, through every use of my public life and in every partisan cause in the press or out of it, expressed and felt a sublime confidence in the unimpeachable integrity of the judges of the Supreme Court. Indeed, I had the strongest and most abiding faith in our courts of justice, and that in criminal trials especially, the written statutes governing such were strictly adhered to in letter and in spirit. And though

"No rogue are felt the halter draw."

But had a poor opinion of the law." I still believe that with the exceptions of such notorious or celebrated cases as Dr. Kennedy, Caryl Harris, Molinex, and other prominent (alleged) criminals, the average law-breaker, and especially the professional criminal, has a comparatively fair trial in our criminal courts, at least in the large cities of the country.

The judges decided three to two, and thus by the majority vote of one judge, I was condemned to life imprisonment. Judges Bradley and Minshall, the former the chief justice, decided that Pugh made two errors, viz: Refusing a change of venue and impelling a jury in violation of the statutes. They had only examined these two points, they stated in their decision, and had not even looked at the hundred odd other errors my counsel claimed. These two were sufficient and they reversed Judge David F. Pugh and declared that I did not have a legal trial and was therefore illegally convicted. The majority of the court led by Marshall Williams, simply affirmed by their three votes the rulings of Judge Pugh and issued no syllabus, notwithstanding that they had reversed the rulings of the Supreme Court in the case of Parsons vs. The State and that my trial was the most important and the longest criminal trial in the legal annals of Ohio.

The Parsons' case was the law, or rather the rulings of the Supreme Court in his case, which last of October Parsons was granted a new trial, and the Supreme Court held in his case that a juror was disqualified who stated on his voir-dire that he believed the accused guilty but would assume his innocence. The Supreme Court very properly held that such a dualty of mind could not exist or that it was incompatible with the qualifications of an impartial juror. Hence the trial judge was reversed in the Parsons' case and the accused was granted a new trial in which he was subsequently acquitted. Messrs. Bradley and Minshall held to this ruling in my case, but Williams and his colleagues affirmed Pugh, and by not issuing a syllabus, left the original ruling in the Parsons' case still the law of Ohio! And it was precisely for this reason that Williams and his two colleagues declined to issue a syllabus. They did not want to reverse the decision of their own tribunal, but simply to deny me the benefit of the law! A syllabus, it may be stated for the information of the layman, by the Supreme Court makes the decision rendered by the majority of the court the law of the state, precisely like an act of the legislature. Now when the three judges had decided to affirm Pugh they had the alternative of repealing the law made by their own tribunal in the Parsons' case or by simply affirming the trial judge and not writing or publishing an opinion (syllabus) leave the Parsons' law stand. It was this latter alternative, it will be seen, which was adopted because it had the additional effect of preventing me from appealing to the Supreme Court of the United States! In other words the Ohio Supreme Court decision was technically no violation of my statutory or constitutional rights as a citizen, inasmuch as this Supreme

Court had not reversed itself, and the law as it stood (the Parsons' law) was in harmony with the laws of the United States and the Supreme Court thereof.

The decision of Williams and his two colleagues was simply moral assassination in which Williams, who, it will be remembered, informed my counsel's law partner that Pugh's decisions would be reversed, secured the coveted building lot from his friend Pugh, the trial judge, and changed his mind as to the legality of the said rulings!

There was not a lawyer or an intelligent citizen in Columbus, free from prejudice in the case, but who knew, spoke of and commented on the position taken by the majority of the court in not issuing a syllabus and denying me the benefit of the Parsons' precedent, but for the first time these citizens will ascertain the real cause of, at least, Judge Williams' change of mind.

To be continued.)

A BOOST FOR PRITCHARD.

A Constituent Puts Him in Nomination for the Cabinet.

Editor of the Sunday Globe:

Long before our sainted President, Mr. McKinley, left the White House, in the early part of the summer, to spend a few months vacation at his home, in Canton, it was reported through some of our leading journals that one of the cabinet officers would resign in order to attend to other important business. Whether this was true we know not. But since it was God's will to take from our much-beloved President, and since his mantle has fallen upon the present incumbent, Mr. Roosevelt, it is earnestly hoped that that gentleman will endeavor to carry out the well begun work of Mr. McKinley in bringing about a better feeling between the North and the South.

To show to us that he is not averse to such a movement in uniting these two sections of our great country, if a vacancy should occur in Mr. Roosevelt's official family, the cabinet, the South would ever feel grateful to President Roosevelt if he would appoint one of her sons to that honored position.

We could name scores of loyal Republicans here who would fill such an office with credit to this great nation and themselves alike. Chief among them is Senator C. Pritchard.

We deem it unnecessary to speak of Senator Pritchard's career as a true and tried Republican, for his record is too well known along that line—hence comment is unnecessary.

Judging from the eminent services Senator Pritchard has rendered his state and the nation in the United States Senate, it is fair to conclude that he would make an excellent cabinet officer. Should President Roosevelt honor him by inviting him to a seat in his cabinet in the event of a vacancy occurring therein, not only North Carolina, but the entire South, would feel especially honored.

A SOUTHERNER.

"Women's Isms."

EDITOR GLOBE:

There is hardly a city or hamlet in this country not infested with a band of women howling for woman suffrage, socialism, closer alliance with populism and every other heresy, ism and evil that can possibly be invented by the woman politician in her wild enthusiasm over reforming everything and everybody, except her husband. Anything nowadays seems to be in the female province, but not necessarily within her natural character. Some women are limitless in their enthusiasm, and when they become hard set upon anything, especially if it is novel, oft become fanatic, as the following account of a few of those belonging to our local society, will illustrate. Some months ago eight or ten of those belonging here in Washington went to New York, and through the assistance of the society there purchased a few acres just out of the city and established the "Golden Rule Company." They immediately proceeded to change everything with respect to vocation; the woman planted and ploughed the corn, and the men in the company washed the dishes and made dresses for the ladies according to the freshest advices from Paris.

The object of this society was, perhaps, to put everybody on a financial parity by forcing those who have more than a competency to "whack up" with those less fortunate. This doctrine was propagated through a paper printed occasionally, called the *Straight Edge*, and every article seemed fraught with an unhappy mixture of every member's ideas. It is not intelligible to anyone except the members.

I think their reforming process is slow, for we meet millionaires and pass paupers every day.

Negro Who is a Millionaire.

There is at least one negro millionaire in the world. He is John Knight, who was born a slave in Alabama and now living in Guatemala. His immense income is derived from vast tracts of coffee plantations, gold mines, enormous banana plantations, farms of vanilla beans and banking and steamboat stocks, besides the interest on the money that Guatemala borrowed from him, which is over \$100,000. He lives in a beautiful house in the suburbs of Guatemala, and is ceaselessly busy looking after his vast commercial interests. Knight never knew his father, because his parents were separated at a sale of slaves just before he was born. His mother was the property of a tobacco grower, Daniel Upton, who lived in Dadeville, Tallapoosa county, Ala. The Uptons treated their slaves well, and John was provided with common school books. At 16 years of age John Knight was the most promising negro in Tallapoosa county. Mr. Upton died in 1860, and John was auctioned off to the owner of a cotton plantation in central Alabama. He was made overseer of a part of the plantation, and for four years he superintended the gathering of the cotton and its shipment to New Orleans. In 1866 he was sent to Yucatan, in Central America, to live there as "boss" of the packing and shipping of fruits to New Orleans, and this was practically the beginning of John Knight's savings and wealth.

A Queen's Arm 6,000 Years Old.

Exploration has lately revealed relics of Menes, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, fashioned more than 6,000 years ago. Of Menes, the successor of Menes, it is astonishing to find the forearm of his queen still in its wrappings with four splendid bracelets intact. This brilliant and exquisitely finished group of jewelry is 2,000 years older than the jewelry of Dahshur, the oldest yet to then known. The arm of the queen had been broken off by the first plunderers and had laid hidden in a hole in the wall of the tomb.

A QUEER FAIRY IN SCOTLAND.

Or Else the Stories About Her Are in Some Respects Inaccurate.

The name, at any rate, has at last been discovered of the mysterious and beautiful lady who has lately been making her home on the seashore in a lonely spot on the Argyllshire coast. She is Miss Margaret MacDougal. But at last point information ceases. Young and singularly attractive, with jet-black masses of brown hair worn loose over her shoulders, or lightly tied with a piece of ribbon, she has been residing on the Ardmaddy beach at the high water mark without shelter and without food of any kind save shellfish. She sleeps on the grass and declines all offers of food, clothing, or money. The most extraordinary stories are current about the fair unknown, of which the following—supplied by a local correspondent—are a fair sample:

"When at leisure," the correspondent says, "she knits and knits, and the ball of worsted never seems to decrease in size. She talks English and Gaelic fluently, and even converses in several other languages, to suit the person talking to her. She has been photographed several times, but none of the photographs seems alike, and she does not appear to everybody the same."

"To some she appears to be about 24 years of age and to others about double that age. She gives her name as Margaret MacDougal, but nothing is known as to where she comes from. Ardmaddy, where she resides, has been always famous as the rendezvous of fairies. Nearby is Dun-na-tien and Creagan-Phairaidh, places famous as haunts of those spirits that influence men for good or ill. To this place, it is believed, she retired at night. There she gets news of all that will transpire the following day. She has a thorough knowledge of the scriptures and has a great hatred of the clergy."

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